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THE WAILING OF THE WIND.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

Around the beaming, ruddy hearth
We numbered only four,
Yet, full content, we gathered close,
Nor wished our number more.

The fitful blaze, with wayward light,
Lit up the ancient hall,
And made four figures still and dark
Appear upon the wall.

The creaking doors, the rattling panes,
The dashing waves' lond tone
Lent to the night a wild delight,
Yet made us feel alone.

Upon the changeful blaze we bent,
And in low voices spoke
Of mem'ries sweet and solemn that
The storm's deep wailing woke.

It battled with a heavy hand,
And made a noisy strife,
Arousing us to graver thoughts
And wiser plans of life.

But when the wind had hushed its voice
And folded down its wings,
We half forgot its many tones
That moaned so many things.

THE DARK DAY.

Of all the wonderful stories that my great-grandfather used to tell my mother when she was a little girl, the most wonderful was about the dark day in New England, Friday, May 19, 1780. This was during our Revolution, you will remember, and the same year in which the traitor, Benedict Arnold, attempted to betray his country to its enemies.

For several days before the nineteenth, the air was full of vapors, as we often see it when fires are raging in the woods near us, and the sun and moon appeared red, and their usual clear light did not reach us, especially when rising and setting. The winds blew chiefly from the South and North-east, and the weather was cool and clear. The morning of the nineteenth was cloudy, and in many places slight showers fell, sometimes accompanied by thunder and lightning, but as the sun arose it did not increase the light, and the darkness deepened and deepened, until the children standing before the tall clocks could not see to tell the time, and older people peering over the almanac were not able to distinguish the letters. The birds sang their evening songs and flew to their nests in the woods, the poultry hurried to their roosts, while the cattle in the field uttered strange cries and leaped the stone fences to gain their stalls, and the sheep all huddled together bleating piteously.

Color, which you know depends upon the light of the sun, filled many with astonishment at its unusual appearance, for the clouds were in some places of a light red, yellow and brown; the leaves on the trees and the grass in the meadows were of the deepest green, verging on indigo, the brightest silver seemed tarnished, and everything that is white in the sunlight bore a deep yellow hue.

The shadows, which before noon fall to the westward and after noon to the eastward, were observed during the darkness to fall in every direction.

The rain, also, was unlike any other rain, and it set all the people to wondering as they dipped it from tubs and barrels; for a scum formed on it resembling burnt leaves, emitting a sooty smell, and this same substance was seen on streams and rivers, especially the Merrimac, where it lay four or five inches thick, for many miles along the shore.

Another peculiarity was the vapor; in many localities it descended to the earth from high in the atmosphere; but at one point a gentleman saw the vapors, at nine o'clock, rising from the springs and low lands; one column he particularly noticed rapidly ascending far above the highest hills, then it spread into a large white cloud and sailed off to the westward, a second cloud formed in the same way from the same springs, but did not rise as high as the first, and a third formed fifteen minutes afterward. At a quarter of ten the uppermost cloud was of a reddish hue, the second was green, indigo and blue, and the third was almost white.

So unwholesome was this vapor that small birds were suffocated in it, and many of them were so frightened and stupefied that they flew into the houses, adding to the fears of ignorant people, who considered it a bad sign for a bird to enter a dwelling.

The commencement of the darkness was between ten and eleven in the forenoon (when the men were busy in the fields and offices and work-shops, the women spinning, weaving and preparing dinner, and the children at school, or helping their fathers and mothers at home,) and it continued until the middle of the following night; but the degree of darkness varied; in some places the disc of the sun was seen when the darkness was the most dense.

Lights were seen burning in all the houses, and the people passing out of doors carried torches and lanterns, which were curiously reflected on the overhanging clouds.

Thousands of people were sure that the end of the world had come, many dropped their work and fell on their knees to pray, others confessed to their fellows the wrongs they had done and endeavored to make restitution.

The meeting-houses were crowded, and neighborhood prayer-meetings were formed, and the ministers and old church members prayed long prayers, mentioning the nations and individuals of Bible times who had been destroyed on account of their sins, and begging that as God spared the great city of Nineveh when it repented, so He would forgive them, cheer them again by the light of the sun and give victory to their armies.

It is said that the Connecticut Legislature being in session, the members became terrified when they could not see each other's faces, and a motion was made to adjourn, when Mr. Davenport arose and said:

"Mr. Speaker, it is either the day of judgment or it is not. If it is not, there is no need of adjourning. If it is, I desire to be found doing my duty. I move that candles be brought, and that we proceed to business."

All the shivering, frightened people began now to look forward to evening, hoping that as the moon rose full at nine o'clock, her light would penetrate the gloom; but all the children who were coaxed to sit up and see her, grew very sleepy, their strained eyes were not rewarded by her beautiful beams, for at eight in the evening the darkness was total; one could not distinguish between the earth and the heavens, and it was impossible to see a hand before one's face.

Then all the weary children were sent to bed after the most honest prayers that they had ever prayed, and the older people sat up to watch for the light that never before had appeared so glorious.

And never dawned a fairer morning than the twentieth of May, for the sun that opened the flowers and mirrored itself in the dew drops, brought the color again to the children's faces, and filled every heart with confidence.

The birds sang joyously, the cattle returned to their pastures, the places of business were opened, and every one went about his work more gentle toward man and more grateful toward God.

After the darkness was passed, several persons traveled about to gather all possible information concerning this memorable day, and Dr. Tenny wrote an account of what he learned while on a journey from the East to Pennsylvania. He says the deepest darkness was in Essex county, Massachusetts, the lower part of New Hampshire, and the eastern portion of Maine, (where my great-grandfather lived.) In Rhode Island and Connecticut it was not so great; in New Jersey peculiar clouds were observed, but the darkness was not uncommon, and in the lower parts of Pennsylvania nothing unusual was observed.

It extended as far North as the American settlements and Westward to Albany, but its exact limits could not be ascertained.

In Boston the darkness continued fourteen or fifteen hours, varying in duration at other places.

As it was impossible to attribute the darkness to an eclipse, the wise people formed many theories respecting it, being convinced that it was due to immense fires in the woods, winds blowing in opposite directions, and to the condition of the vapors; but Herschel says: "The dark day in Northern America was one of those wonderful phenomena of nature which will always be read of with interest, but which philosophy is at loss to explain."—*Ella A. Drinkwater, in St. Nicholas for November.*

KIM PENG'S STORY.

(Translated from her verbal narration by A. M. FIELDE.)

The village in which I was born was one of many on the north bank of the Crooked River. I suppose there were fifty villages within a circle having a radius of three miles. These villages were continually engaged in feuds. They were so from times long before I was born, until ten years ago, when General Pang came into power, and he reduced the country to subjection and order. Sometimes the feud was between clan and clan, sometimes between village and village, and sometimes between different families in the same village. The very weak gave their adherence to the more powerful, and depended on them for protection. When the feud was between clan and clan it was less disastrous, for then there was a greater number of people on one side, and some of them could safely engage in peaceful occupations. But when it was between village and village it was very distressing to all concerned. The unripe grain would be cut down, the grown sugar-cane destroyed, and the sweet potatoes and peanuts all pulled up by enemies in the night, and nothing was safe. In those days people did not dare go outside the village after nightfall for fear of being killed or kidnapped. The highways were unsafe for both travelers and for goods. My own grandfather had owned considerable land, but had to sell it to ransom my father, who had been kidnapped and taken to a powerful village of another clan.

It was because of these feuds that my family was poor when I was born. I was the oldest child and only daughter, and was beloved by my parents. My mother unfortunately followed a custom which is so common and so hurtful here, and betrothed me when I was but ten years old to a boy of my own age in a neighboring village. When I was fourteen my mother died, and although the time for my marriage had not arrived, my future mother-in-law took me to her own house. This mother-in-law was of a cruel disposition, and very oppressive to her sons' wives. Her eldest son, an adopted one, had taken his wife and gone to live in another house; her second son had a wife, nineteen years old, in the house; and I was to be the third son's wife. My sister-in-law seldom saw her husband, and I never saw my betrothed. I do not even now know whether he was short or tall. My sister-in-law and I slept in the same room with our mother-in-law, and lived in the back part of a house whose front was a shop where the men lived and transacted business. We cooked the meals, and a small boy came and took them to the room where the men ate, while we ate by ourselves in the women's apartments. Shortly after I went to this house my sister-in-law told me that she intended to kill herself, and I soon agreed to join her in suicide. This is not an uncommon thing for unhappy daughters-in-law to do. In the village of Sich Tie, near ours, there were seven girls who made a compact to drown themselves together. The time fixed upon was noonday, and the rendezvous a lone spot on the bank of a river. It happened that four of the girls were employed in preparing the family meal, and could not go at the set time. The other three bound their wrists together, with the youngest, who was only fourteen years old, in the middle, and thus threw themselves into the river, where their bodies were afterward found. At Sin Hu three girls, two of whom were lately married, also drowned themselves together. They were heard running on the bank, and were seen by fishermen when they jumped into the river, but were supposed to be ghosts until some one argued that the footsteps of ghosts did not resound, nor did they splash the water when descending into it.

One day, when our mother-in-law was away, my sister-in-law got a rope and fastened it over a beam, and made all ready for our hanging ourselves. But when she got upon the bedstead to try the noose I was terribly frightened, and begged her to desist, saying that if she did it first I should be so horrified that I could not follow her. She then said she would wait till another day, and that as I had a father who loved me and might help me, I had better live. Shortly after my father sent for me to come home on a visit, and as my mother-in-law did not think it wise to offend him, she let me go. Two months later my sister-in-law hung herself, and in the disgrace and trouble that followed, I was left at my father's for some time. There was one woman in our village whose daughter-in-law hung herself, and when the mother-in-law came in and found her thus, she, fearing the demands that would be made upon her by the girl's parents, got another rope at once, and hung herself beside her daughter-in-law. There could then be no exactions by the friends of either party, for each had harmed the other to the same degree.

My mother-in-law did not hang herself; but fearing that I also might do her some ill, she decided to marry me off. She got for me as much as she had previously paid for me, about forty dollars. Wives are much dearer now than they were then, and one cannot be gotten in our village for less than seventy dollars in betrothal money. I was then nearly seventeen years old. I was glad to go from a husband I had never seen, and a mother-in-law who was so hateful, to another house. My second mother-in-law was kind, and my husband was an upright and affectionate man. He was twelve years older than I, and was engaged in business. I had three children, and my husband was fond of them, good to me, and very filial to his old mother.

Ten years ago, when I was twenty-five, General Pang subdued the clans, burned the houses of those who would not desist from feuds, and severely punished many as a warning to the rest. As my husband had been engaged in supplying the combatants with powder and shot, and as his neighbors chose to put him forward to receive the punishment that must be dealt out to some one in our village, and as he had not money with which to pay a fine, he fled to Singapore, whereupon General Pang banished him for twelve years. When he went he was greatly grieved at parting with the children, and knelt down and did obeisance to his mother. My youngest child was ten months old when he went. He has been gone nine years. I wish he could secretly come and see me and the children, and then go back before he was discovered by his enemies. Some, who were banished and have returned too soon, have been caught and beheaded.

Three years ago I was at the district city to buy flax, and met an acquaintance who was going to the chapel, and asked me to go with her. I went, and was much pleased with the doctrine I heard there, but after I got home my neighbors derided me for having been there, and I did not go again. After the chapel was opened at Rek Roi, a league from our village, I told one of my male relatives to go and see whether it was a place where I ought to go and he went for several Sundays, and then said I had better go too. I went constantly after that, and became a church-member. There are now twenty christians in our village, and they have contributed forty dollars toward the new chapel to be built at Rek Roi. My children believe as I do, and I have written to my husband that he must worship God. I pray every day that he may live to come back, and that our family may all be Christians.

Chinese women do not know that it is wicked to kill themselves. It is only we who have been taught that we are God's property, that dare not destroy what is his. It is only we who know that we have a heaven to go to, and need time to get ready that value our lives aright.

Ben Butler's Broken Betrothal.

Ben Butler, according to a Western newspaper, was once engaged to a young lady of Waterville, Me., and to break off the match, which for some reason displeased him, hit upon the notable expedient of going upon a feigned spree and jamming an offensive citizen's hat over his eyes. The reckless inebriate was promptly arrested and fined; the girl wrote a letter repudiating him; her father threatened to kick him out of doors if ever he ventured near the house, and the wily young man chuckled greatly at the success of his innocent stratagem.

Small farms make near neighbors; they make good roads; they make plenty of good schools and churches; there is more money made in proportion to the labor; less wages have to be paid for help; more is raised to the acre; besides, it is tilled better.

Picking Out an Heir--A German Officer Adopting a Pauper Child to Secure a Fortune.

A few months ago ex-Officer William Eaton, of Jersey City, found a waif a day or two old in a wagon in Grand street. He delivered it to the police, and through them the child was handed over to the County alms-house authorities. For some months the child was provided for at Snake Hill. Among those who applied at the alms-house a day or two ago were a fine-looking man and his wife. They said they were looking for a little girl for adoption. They wanted to find a very young one if one was to be found, so that there might be no chance of the little one retaining any recollections of its humble origin. They were shown the pauper babes in the institution, and concluded to take the child that Eaton had found. The necessary papers were drawn, and the child was given into the custody of the strangers. When the gentleman's name was asked, that it might be inserted in the paper, he said that it was Donovan O'Grady, and surprised the committee with whom he negotiated with the announcement that, notwithstanding his name, he is a Lieutenant in the army of his Majesty Koenig Wilhelm, of Germany. He said that he had been granted a two years' leave of absence over a year ago. Since his arrival in this country he had been living in Hoboken, where he proposes to remain till his leave of absence shall have expired. The curiosity of the members of the committee was aroused, and they have since so far satisfied it as to learn that upon the presence of an heir in the family of the Lieutenant the securing of a large fortune depends. A handsome estate in Germany will, it is stated, fall to the child or children of Mrs. O'Grady. Mrs. O'Grady, though they have been married for some years, had borne her husband no children, and all hope of securing the fortune for the family seemed gone, until the happy expedient finally resorted to was adopted. The Lieutenant secured a two years' leave of absence from the home Government, and at once set sail for this country, with the probable design of returning with an heir. It is said that in the prosecution of the design he visited several of the charitable institutions, public and private, in this country before he made his selection from the array of little ones at Snake Hill.—*New York Times.*

Poisoned Family Sugars.

Samples of sugars from many of the prominent refineries of this city and Brooklyn have recently been analyzed chemically, duplicates of the same brand being handed to different experts, and in no case were the samples found to be chemically pure. For several years it has been known that a means had been discovered of making sugar appear of a higher grade than it was. Muriate of tin, (a poison which is used in woolen cloths sometimes to fix the colors, and which has been known to inflame the skin where flannel underclothes thus colored are worn), is put in the vacuum pans of the refiners, and also in the centrifugal machines. This improves the color, and cheapens the cost of whitening over ¼ cent a pound. The tin is purchased both in the pig and liquid form. The pig-tin is dissolved in hydrochloric or muriatic acid, and reduced to the proper consistency. It is then thrown into the fast-revolving centrifugal machine, and the sugar, that by a natural process would be yellow, is whitened.

It is claimed by the refiners that the muriate of tin is collected in the last processes, and remains in the residuum. Theoretically, there is no doubt that in small quantities the chemical elements which are so injurious to health will be practically neutralized; but in the manufacture of large amounts the quantities can not be so nicely adjusted. Muriate of tin has been found in *all* the grades examined, including white sugars. A profit of one-half cent a pound makes an aggregate of nearly a million dollars to the prominent refineries using this process. Glucose, a cheap product of corn, is likewise used as an adulterant, greatly adding to the weight. This latter in a sanitary point of view is not so serious a matter, though it has caused disease of the kidneys. These experiments have shown traces of copper, the presence of which is explained by the probable fact that the acid was used in such quantities as to attack the copper vessels used in sugar manufacture. In one case the quantity of copper was so great as to overcome the tin, and to bronze it.

It has been known that brown sugars have been liable to an infection of live animalcules, and that there were in colored candies virulent mineral poisons, but it has generally been supposed—at any rate, the men of science have often told us—that the white sugars were comparatively pure. It seems that this is not so, although the use of muriate of tin in setting the color of sugar has been practiced for only a few years. The immense profits from the new process have led to its rapid introduction by some, and to the business disaster of those having honor enough not to trifle with the public health by using it.—*Chronicle and Examiner.*

The corn crop of Iowa has increased from 63,883,000 bushels in 1863, on 1,773,000 acres, to 197,483,000 bushels on 5,063,000 acres, the average being 39 bushels per acre. Of wheat, the whole yield is 54,000,000 bushels, from 3,200,000 acres. Iowa raises more hogs than any other State, the number being 3,263,200.

For turkey soup, take the turkey-bones and cook one hour in water enough to cover them, stir in a little dressing and a beaten egg; take from the fire, and when the water ceases to boil add a little pepper and salt.

Backwoods Courting.

Here is a courtship that reminds us of the boys around Cloverport and Hardinsburg, not the girls. Oh, no! it just reminds us of the boys, and we will leave it to the girls to say, if it ain't so:

He sat on the side of the room in a big white oak rocking-chair. A long-eared deer hound snapping at flies was by his side; a basket of sewing by hers. Both rocked incessantly—that is, the young people—not the dog and basket. He sighs heavily, and looks out of the west window at a crape myrtle tree; she sighs lightly, and gazes out of the east window—at a turnip patch. At last he remarks:

"This is mighty good weather to pick cotton."

"'Tis that—if we only had any to pick."

The rocking continues.

"What's your dog's name?"

"Coony."

Another sigh-broken stillness.

"What is he good fur?"

"What is he good fur?" said he, abstractedly.

"Your dog, Coonoy."

"Fur ketchin' 'possums."

Silence of half an hour.

"He looks like a deer dog."

"Who looks like a deer dog?"

"Coony."

"He is—but he's kinder bellowed, and gettin' old an' slow now. An' he ain't no 'count on a cold trail."

In the quiet ten minutes that ensued she took two stitches in her quilt; it was a gorgeous affair, that quilt was made by the pattern called "Rose of Sharon." She is very particular about the nomenclature of her quilt, and frequently walks fifteen miles to get a new pattern with a "real purty name."

"Your ma raisin' many chickens?"

"Forty odd."

Then more rocking, and somehow, after a while the big rocking chair and the little rocking-chair were jammed side by side. I don't know how it happened. It may have been caused by some peculiarity in the floor, or by the natural magnetic attraction one chair had for the other; but strange to say the basket of work had followed the little chair, and the little chair had traveled as fast as the big one. Coony had not moved. He lay in the same place sound asleep, and he was talking in his sleep, that is, giving faint, irregular barks at the 'possums he beheld in his dreams. After a while the conversation was resumed.

"How many has your ma got?"

"How many what?"

"Chickens."

"Nigh on to a hundred."

By this time the chairs were so close together that rocking was impossible.

"The mink has eat most of ours."

Then a long silence reigns. At last he observes:

"Makin' quilts?"

"Yes," she replies, brightening up. "I've just finished a 'Roarin' Engul of the Brazek a' Sittin' Sun and a Nation's Pride.' Have you ever saw the 'Yellow Rose on the Parary?'

"No."

More silence, then he says:

"Do you like cabbage?"

"I do that."

Presently his hand is accidentally placed on hers, she does not know it; at least does not seem to be aware of it. Then after a half hour spent in sighing, coughing and clearing of throats, he suddenly says:

"I've a great mind to bite you."

"What you great a-mind to bite me fur?"

"Kase you won't have me."

"Kase you ain't axed me."

"Well, now I ax you."

"Then now I has you."

Then Coony dreames he hears a sound of kissing.

Then the next day, the young man goes to Tigerville after a marriage license. Wednesday the following week. No cards. —*Hawkeye.*

A Muskrat Story.

The attack made upon Charles Newmoyer by a large number of muskrats on Sunday night last, at Tenth and Spruce streets, in this city, and published in the Eagle, created a profound sensation in this city and the surrounding country. About twenty-five muskrats attacked Mr. Newmoyer with a deadly purpose, and it is fortunate that he got off as well as he did. There are plenty of illustrations of muskrats and other rats, when hungry, attacking women and children. Not long ago the Eagle published an item of an aged bed-ridden woman being attacked by the common house rat and badly bitten, in the city of Boston. She did her best to drive them off, and had not her niece come to her rescue the rats would have taken her life. Muskrats, when hungry, are much more powerful and wicked than the common house rat. Recently, along the Connecticut river, a cow broke her leg. Unable to get along, and lying by the river bank, she was attacked by muskrats, which would have torn her to pieces, had not the owner come to her defence. Some time ago as Joel Stave, in Clinton county, this State, was returning home, he approached a small creek, he and his horse were attacked by a large number of muskrats. His horse was bitten badly, and the rider was bitten and severely scratched by the rats. There are plenty of instances where muskrats and other rats, through hunger, have become very dangerous.—*Reading Eagle.*

The following was recently sent to a schoolmistress in Birmingham, England: "Miss A., can you allow our Henrietta Georgiana to come home and nurse Claudius Alfred while our Louise Anne Victoria goes to dancing school?"

Educating Colts.

Rev. W. H. H. Murray, who is high authority in regard to horses, gives in the *Golden Rule*, the following directions for educating, or as it used to be called, "breaking" colts:

"If you have a colt to teach, and have the habit of speaking sharply and loudly, correct yourself of it at once. Colts are timid, high-spirited things, if they are worth anything, and he who manages them should be of quiet habits, and have a low pleasant-toned voice. The trainer that yells, stands in the same category as the driver in the public race who screams and whoops like a Camanche Indian when coming down the home-stretch; the one should be banished from the track, and the other turned out of the gentleman's stables. Our method of educating a colt to harness and wagon is to educate him singly, by himself; and this education should begin very early. When the colt is twelve or fourteen months old begin to put the harness on him. In a few weeks he is accustomed to it and ready for the shafts. But, in doing this do not be in a hurry. Give the youngster time to get thoroughly acquainted with every strap and buckle, as it were. Let him see everything and smell everything. The senses of sight, smell and touch are the great avenues of knowledge to the horse, especially the last two. The ear and eye give the alarm. These two organs stand, as it were, on picket for the animal's safety. But if your horse is frightend at anything, let him smell and touch it, and he will fear no longer. If your colt is afraid of the harness as it comes rustling out of the harness room, let him touch it with his nose, and smell of it a few times and he will soon understand that it will not hurt him. If he is inclined to kick or jump, if the breech-ing band or any strap hits his hams or legs, by gently rubbing them against the sensitive places he will soon become indifferent to them. By the time the colt is two years of age, or even less, he should be educated to go between the shafts.

Useless Advice To Young Men.

The true girl has to be sought for. She does not parade herself as show goods. She is not fashionable. Generally she is not rich. But, Oh! what a heart she has when you find her, so large, and pure, and womanly. When you see it you wonder if those showy things outside were women. If you gain her love your two thousands are millions. She'll not ask you for a carriage or a first-class house. She'll wear simple dresses and turn them when necessary, with no vulgar magnificent to frown upon her economy. She'll keep everything neat and nice in your sky parlor, and give you such a welcome when you come home that you'll think your parlor higher than ever. She'll entertain true friends on a dollar, and astonish you with the new thought, how little happiness depends on money. She'll make you love home (if you don't you're a brute), and teach you how to pity, while you scorn a poor fashionable society that thinks itself rich, and vanity tries to think itself happy.

Now, do not, I pray you say any more, "I can't afford to marry." Go find the true woman, and you can. Throw away the cigar, burn up that switch cane, be sensible yourself and seek your wife in a sensible way.—*Pantagraph.*

A Boy with a Heart.

The other day a bit of a boy called at the side door of a good-looking Cass farm residence, and told such a sorrowful story that the lady of the house was not stingy in throwing provisions into his basket. Happening to look into the front yard after a few minutes, she saw the strange boy mixing up with her three or four children, and she called out:

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Feedin' these half-starved children!" he promptly replied.

"But those are my children!" she indignantly exclaimed.

"Makes no difference to me," he said, as he broke off another piece of cake. "When I find a young'un cryin' for bread, and ready to swear that he hasn't tasted a pie for over a year, I'm going to quit business and brace him up. Haven't you got a clean white waist which I could put on this dirty little boy?"—*Ex.*

A Faithful Dog.

A party of hunters recently went out in search of game and left a dog of Luther Clark's tied at the camp. During their absence the dog broke loose, with the chain attached to his neck. The chain caught in some rocks in a canyon, several miles from the camp, and held the dog a prisoner. When the party was about to return to the camp one of the deer hounds ran up, and catching Mr. Clark's clothing in his teeth, tried to pull him in a different direction from the deer trail. Finally it was supposed that the dogs had brought down a deer, and the party followed the sagacious animal to find the dog that had been left behind made a prisoner. All were proud of having so intelligent an animal in their company. Had it not been for this fortunate circumstance the dog would have been starved to death.—*Eureka (Nev.) Leader.*

Why She Blushed.

A good joke is told on a young married lady of the Seventh Ward, who was returning home with her husband, on Friday evening, in a crowded street car, from "Our Boarding House." The lady occupied a seat, while her husband hung to a strap near by. Shortly after the car started the lady pulled her husband by the sleeve and said sweetly, "You may sit down here, dear," pointing to her lap. Imagine her feelings when she discovered that she had addressed the invitation to a Bridgeport gentlemen who had taken her husband's place while the latter was depositing their fares in the box.—*Wheeling (W. V.) Intelligencer.*

It is said that so acute is the sheep's sense of hearing that she can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among as many as a thousand others all bleating at the same time; and the lamb, too, is able to recognize its mother's voice, even though it be in the midst of a large flock.

To rid yourself of your wife's female friends—Make love to them.